

THE FAIRMONT WEST VIRGINIAN "THE HOME PAPER."

Published Daily Except Sunday and
Semi-Weekly by the Fairmont
West Virginian Publishing
Company.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
Jacobus Building - Monroe Street

Geo. M. Jacobs, President
L. M. DAVIS, Manager
W. C. LOUGH, Editor

TELEPHONES
Bell 55 - Consolidated 97

Entered at the Post Office at Fairmont,
West Virginia, as second-class
matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Delivered by Carrier.
Daily, one month, payable
monthly.....45c
Daily, one week.....10c
By Mail.
Daily, by mail, one year.....\$4.00
Daily, by mail, six months.....2.00
Daily, by mail, three months.....1.00
Daily, by mail, one month.....40c
Twice-A-Week, one year.....1.50
Twice-A-Week, six months......75
Twice-A-Week, three months......40

All mail subscriptions payable in
advance.

REPUBLICAN HOPES RISING.

The Democrats have been carrying the country almost long enough now for public sentiment to begin to swing back to its proper moorings. For the past few weeks all we have heard has been the reports concerning the way the Democrats would carry the House of Representatives this fall. A well known politician the other day was asked if he thought the Democrats would carry the next House, the questioner calling attention to the Democratic victories in the special elections in the Lovering district in Massachusetts won by Mr. Foss and the Perkins district in New York won by Mr. Havens. "Win the next House," said the politician, "I—I, if the Republican members keep on doing they will win this one yet." But conditions today seem to be changing very rapidly. People are beginning to see that the usual panic following the passage of a tariff act didn't come after the Payne-Aldrich measure went into operation and notwithstanding the cost of living is high, are wages and profits and everybody is busy who wants to be. The working people are beginning to reason about what might happen were the Democratic free traders to get control and slash the life out of business for the people who depend upon wages for a living. Congressman McKinley, of Illinois, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, while on a visit with President Taft on Saturday spoke of the coming campaign in the most optimistic manner. When asked about conditions in the Middle West, Mr. McKinley declared that crops were in fine shape. He said this statement included Iowa and Kansas. As to insurgency, Mr. McKinley seemed rather surprised at the mention of such a thing. The Congressional Committee, he declared, had nothing to do with primaries, but would support every Republican candidate that supports the President.

"He is the head of the party," said Mr. McKinley, "and is entitled to support."

"Will the next House be Republican?" Mr. McKinley was asked.

"Why," he replied, "there is absolutely no question about it. I am just as sure of it as that I am in Beverly to-day."

"We won't lose any districts that we have and we will get back a number that we lost two years ago. In Indiana we ought to get back two or three seats alone."

"How about the Lovering district in Massachusetts, which Mr. Foss won in the special election?"

"We will get that back, sure."

"And the Perkins district in New York, recently won by Mr. Havens?"

"There is absolutely no doubt that we will get it."

Every question put to Mr. McKinley elicited a response equally, if not more optimistic. He hesitated at nothing. Mr. McKinley would not go into details, however, saying that the campaign had hardly begun. The committee will maintain headquarters in New York and Chicago.

"What will the campaign be fought on?"

"On the glorious achievements of the great Republican party."

"Including the tariff?"

"Yes, including the tariff."

And thus the campaign starts with the Democrats on the run even in August. Where will they be by November?

AN ORDERLY LYNCHING.

Southerners in certain localities now insist upon the elevated social tone of their lynching parties, says the Springfield Republican. A newspaper correspondent, having wondrously described a certain Mississippi mob as composed of ruffians, has been sharply rebuked by Tax Assessor Miller of Concordia Parish, La., which is just across the river from the place where the lynching took place. Mr. Miller's letter deserves a place in the history of lynching in America, for he writes:

"The lynching of Elmo Curi at Madison, Miss., last night was a most orderly affair, conducted by the bankers, lawyers, farmers and merchants of that county. The best people of the county, as good as there are anywhere, simply met there and hanged Curi without a sign of rowdiness. There was no drinking, no shooting, no yelling and not even any loud talking. All of the best people of that section took part, and I have never seen a more orderly assemblage anywhere."

News comes from Washington of the assignment of Lieutenant William S. Weeks, as professor of military science and tactics at the West Vir-

ginia University. The department recently made a ruling whereby all captains should be detailed for service with their commands and Lieutenants be assigned to the military schools as instructors. It was in accordance with this ruling of the department that Captain Harry S. Eaton was sent away from the University. It is hoped that Lieutenant Weeks will be as efficient, capable and agreeable as Captain Eaton. He will be accorded a hearty welcome at the big State school.

The Morgantown Post Chronicle takes note of the West Virginian's new "make up" in the following very complimentary language, which we very much appreciate:

"The Fairmont West Virginian has some attractive new headline equipment, and it is being used most effectively. The headline writing is showing a high degree of excellence in symmetry, variety and appropriateness. It is a great thing for a paper to have good headline type and to know how to use it."

In a notice of civil service examination found elsewhere in today's paper, it is stated that all applicants must be above a certain height "with-out boots or shoes." Now, if the applicant was to be without shoes, it would in one word of the city be an unfair advantage, but as it is all have the same chance.

Fate is kind to Congressman "Jody" Gaines. The Democrats on Saturday nominated Adam Littlepage as his opponent for congress in the Third district. Gaines will have easy picking for Adam doesn't stand the best of the world even among Democrats down in the Third district.

When will the time come when there will be no war, no shadow of war, no mention of war?—Parkersburg State Sentinel.

Not until the Republicans of Marion, Mason, Fayette and Preston quit loading their guns for each other instead of for Democrats.

The hotel manager at Elkins, against whom the serious white slavery charge was filed, denies most vigorously every accusation made by the young women who were at his place. Really, it is doubtful if anybody expected him to confess and the story will be believed by some people.

When the new trolley for Fairview gets in operation Fairmont will shine as a circus town. With the big inter-urban lines from Clarksburg and Martinsburg it doesn't look so bad as it is, but it will be much better when the Fairview community is added to the show crowd.

There are no elephants with the Ranch show, but the Indians, buffaloes and long horned Texas steers.

Certainly this is your kind of a show, go and see it.

LITERARY SUCCESS.

(From the Denver Republican.)
I would not care to write a book
So blooming full of art
That it would fill a dusty nook
In second-hand man's mart;

Even though the critics might declare
Their lack of all regard,
I'd rather coax fame from its lair
By writing stuff that's barred.

Let some librarian but sit
Upon your dope in wrath—
Let him declare it is not fit
To clutter up man's path—
Then mark you how the sales will jump

At pace none can retard,
And how your royalties will hump
When once you stuff is barred.

The books that ne'er can find a place
In Uncle Andy's halls
Are those the public likes to chase—
Their interest never palls;

The presses leap at new demand,
And you are Fortune's pard,
If your book—as mayhap you planned,
Some library has barred.

DAILY DIET HINTS

By DR. T. J. ALLEN
Food Specialist.

A VEGETARIAN ARGUMENT.

Man is not by nature a
flesh-eater. That is as easily
and as certainly determined as
that the dog is not made to
chew the cud nor the rabbit or
the sheep to kill and tear weaker
animals for food. Linnaeus' classification of man with the gorilla and others in the order of primates has been confirmed by Cuvier and Darwin; and Huxley has shown that the gorilla is a "strict vegetarian."

Man's anatomy distinctly indicates his primary food to have been fruits and nuts and herbs. His so-called carnivorous teeth do not differ from those of the chimpanzee, which in its natural state eats no flesh, and according to Rayer, an acknowledged authority, "the monkey that sticks to the original bill of fare of the human family rarely suffers from the disease" (cancer). Comparison of the alimentary canals of carnivorous animals with those of the herbivora, determines what their food is, that is, by what food and feeding their respective alimentary systems have been developed or are adapted to.

Subscribe for the West Virginian.

OPINIONS OF THE STATE PRESS

Evidence of Prosperity.
Two of our bright contemporaries, the Fairmont West Virginian and the Sistersville Oil Review, come to us now with some evidences of deserved prosperity, the former displaying a new and attractive heading, and the latter being enlarged by the addition of another column.—Wetzel Republican.

Will Die A-Fighting.
Poor Uncle Jo! He electioneered thru Kansas. The insurgent majorities in the primaries were tremendous. The next Congress will likely pass the old war horse up. But the old warrior will die a-fighting.—Grafton Republican.

Trying to Explain.
Several Democratic newspapers are trying to explain the best they know how why faith was not kept with Senator Zilliken but the more they try to explain the more they impress the double-crossing he received. Senator Zilliken had it in black and white as the Telegram has it that the Democratic nominee would not permit his name to be used in connection with the nomination. Senator Zilliken doubtless believes the party did him dirt.—Clarksburg Telegram.

Why Is It So?
The working people make all the machinery that weaves the cloth; raise all the wool and cotton that make the cloth; weave all the cloth that makes the garments; make all the garments out of the cloth. Now what kind of clothing should the workers wear? Should they take the cheap and shoddy and let the idle or viciously busy class have all the finest? That is what is done now, but why is it so? Why should the useless class get the best of everything? It is up to you to answer.—Gassaway Times.

Public Opinion
A COMMENT

The Meeting.
Says she:
'Tis a long way ye've traveled, me
thru love.
'Tis a long trip ye've made on the sea,
For the sake of a siffle of a girl loike
me.

For a bit av a kiss
No better than this—
'Tis a long way ye've traveled, Mach-
ree!

Says he:
'Twas a long way and lone way, Ma-
vourreen,
But it's a million av miles, as I
knows,
That a hungerin', wanderin' sunbeam
goes
To be gettin' a kiss
No warmer than this
From the lips of no sweeter a rose!
—Arthur Stringer in Success Maga-
zine.

PUBLIC OPINION.
Those Spring Chickens.

Columbus Journal.
Here comes a spring chicken into
the household. It is a delicate little
carcass, and makes a fine meal for
two; no more, no less. Spread out
ready to fry, it is not as large as
your two hands; no larger than one,
if you're quite a man. It cost 65
cents. We have seen three just such
fowls sell for 50 cents; and that, too,
in the good old inflation days of 1865
to 1875, when rag money grew on
bushes like blackberries, so to speak.
But just think, a little pullet that
doesn't spraddle out bigger than a
bullfrog when dressed, selling for 65
cents! Well, that is what we may
expect when everybody rushes to the
city to eat chicken and few stay back
on the farm to raise them. If this
thing keeps up, only the malefactors
of great wealth will think of eating
spring chicken.

Charleston's Shrimps.
Charleston News and Courier.
History records that the Charleston
shrimp had a reputation before Caesar
got his. Lucullus once offered a mil-
lion sestres for ten of them. Sam-
ples were carried back to England by
cardinal navigators. Raleigh won the
favor of good Queen Bess by present-
ing her with a dish of them. Napo-
leon lost his digestion by eating im-
itation Charleston shrimp. So the
renown of these little crustaceans has
spread from one end of the world to
the other. The gentleman who traveled
recently to Washington to Charleston
recently to get a plate of shrimp is
only following precedent. From all
over the country other pilgrims jour-
neyed on a similar mission. Lafayette
came here and was fed on shrimp,
Washington, too, had an equally de-
lightful experience.

A Fitting Design.
Lippincott's Magazine.
"I want an estimate on 10,000 let-
terheads," said the professional look-
ing man with the silk hat.
"Any special design?" asked the en-
graver.

"Yes, sir," replied the caller. "In
the upper left hand corner I want a catch-
y cut of Patrick Henry making his mem-
orable speech, and in distinct letters,
under the cut, his soul inspiring words,
'Give me liberty or give me death.'"
You see," he added handing a card
to the engraver, "I'm a divorce law-
yer, and want something fitting."

The Republican party has no mono-
poly of insurgents. The Democratic
party has always had them.—Atlanta
Journal.

FOR INSURGENTS.



—Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

ALLEGED WIT & HUMOR SONG AND STORY

SYMPOSIUM OF FUN

By "The American Press Humorists" During Their Annual Convention.

The Fishing Trip.
(Perfectly true, too.)
"The preacher goes along to-day!"
Quoth Dick to Bill and I;
"If you would read your titles clear
To mansions in the sky,
Behave yourselves and do not swear!"
We promised we would try.

As seemed to us quite befit
His saintly presence there,
We opened up the fishing trip
With reverential prayer,
And never once did either one
Permit himself to swear!

When Billy lost a "strike" he'd quote
From Peter or from Paul,
When I got snagged or lost my line
I solace found in Saul;
And parables were mixed that day
With hooks and lines and all.

We plumbed ourselves we'd done so
well,
So dignified, sedate,
And no pangs or vain regrets
'Till afternoon, and late,
We heard the preacher damn a crab
That pinched off all his bait!

—John D. Wells, Buffalo News.

The Great American Humorist.
The Great American Humorist (Jo-
cus Americanensis) has no place in
natural history. This is not because
he can't buy one, or won't pay rent,
but because naturalists thus far have
been unable to fit him in anywhere.
As was conclusively proved in the
war between the Sure Things and the
Nature Fakers, the opinions, knowl-
edge and affidavits of naturalists dif-
fered radically and almost raucously
on ordinary subjects in their line, and
when it comes to the extraordinary
they rattle around in their pods until
it gives the humble seeker for truth
the carache to hear them. That the
G. A. H. is extraordinary is admitted
by all, but his classification extends
no further.

When the able naturalists take him
up they immediately begin to wobble
under the load and gradually sag
down till they begin to scrape the
ground, when they dump him off any-
where. The irreverent might say
that the joke was on the naturalists,
but this is not true, because, as we
have shown, the naturalists dump him
over the fence. The entente cordiale
remains in statu quo, however, for the
G. A. H. is too much of a philosopher
to take offence, even though intend-
ed.

One naturalist will read a joke,
verse, or sketch, by a G. A. H., and
snort audibly. "Gee," he will say of
the author, to a brother naturalist,
"He's a bird, ain't he?" Whereupon
the other naturalist, being of a differ-
ent temperament, will ask the first
naturalist about it and the first nat-
uralist will read the skit to him and
snort again. Thereupon the other nat-
uralist will frown his brow into a fraz-
zle and blurt out: "I think he is an
ass." Isn't the contrast of opinion ap-
parent? Will they ever get together
in placing that G. A. H. where he
truly belongs? Does he get into the
class Aves, or does he go in with the
Equus asinus?"

In the meantime, the G. A. H., abso-
lutely imperturbable, keeps pegging
away utterly regardless of science so
long as he can get the screams from
the proletariat with the pennies.
That's the kind of stuff the Editor
buys, and little the G. A. H. reck-
s whether he is a goat or a glaucious
if he can write jokes enough in three
score years to keep him going for the
remaining 10 of his allotted portion
of duration. It is an old saying, and
a true one, that the humorist doesn't
make jokes for fun. That's why he is
so extraordinary. But that isn't why
the naturalists can't classify him. He's
all right; it's the naturalists who don't
know a good thing when they see it.
—William J. Lampton, New York City.

The Optimist's Corner
Daily Helps to Health
and Happiness
By GEORGE F. BUTLER, A.M., M.D.

If you wish to be liked, make
yourself liked; if you wish to be
happy, help to make others hap-
py. Is it not strange that many
of us should be ready to help
those who do not want help, and
brutally careless about those
who do? Dinners are given to
those whose health would be
much improved if they ate less,
while those who really want a
dinner find great difficulty in
getting one. Many a poor inva-
lid might be almost restored to
strength by a few drives in the
automobile of some rich lady
who is ruining her health by not
walking or taking any kind of
exercise. "Smiling on thy
neighbor's face is charity," and
there is often more real charity
in a kind look or word or in
the suppression of an outburst
of temper than in the gift of
much money.

It is our duty to do something
to make the world a little better
and happier than when we found
it. Kindly words, sympathizing
attentions, watchfulness against
wounding people's feelings—
these cost very little; but they
are priceless in their value. Do
all the kindness you can to
those you meet, for you will not
pass this way again.

Daddy's Bedtime Story — The Boy Who Cried "Wolf"

They All Came Running
With Knives and
Clubs

ONE day daddy overheard Jack tell Evelyn something which daddy knew was not so. Daddy was shocked. He did not believe that Jack meant to tell a lie, so that evening when Jack and Evelyn asked for their usual bedtime story he spoke to Jack about it. "Of course I did not mean to tell a fib, daddy," said Jack. "I was only fooling." But daddy said that it was not a good plan to tell fibs even when one is fooling, and to show what he meant he told the children the story of the boy who cried "Wolf!"

"A long, long time ago," said daddy, "there was a boy who was very fond of playing jokes on people. He was not a bad boy, but sometimes he did not stick closely to the truth in his fooling, just as you did and failed to do today, Jack. This boy lived in a village in which the people kept a great number of sheep, and the boy was one of those who were sent out each morning to help take care of the flocks."

"One day after the boy had been left alone with his flock he thought it would be a fine plan to call for help, saying a wolf was coming to devour the sheep. So he called out with all his might: 'Help! Help! The wolf is coming! The wolf is coming!'"

"Of course when the men of the village heard him call they all came running with knives and clubs to kill the wolf. They were very angry when they found there was no wolf, and they scolded the boy, but he only laughed at them. He thought it was a great joke."

"Well, a few days later, when the boy was sitting watching his sheep, he decided to play the trick again. Just as before when he cried 'Wolf! Wolf! The wolf is coming!' the people ran to save the sheep. They were very, very angry indeed when they found that they had been fooled again and threatened to punish the boy severely for taking them for their work."

"Well, this happened two or three times again. The boy was punished for fooling his elders, but he thought it such a fine joke that he repeated it at last, however, one day a sad thing happened. The wolf really came."

"Did the boy call for help, daddy?" asked Evelyn.

"Indeed he did, Evelyn," was daddy's answer. "But by this time the people of the village had become tired of being fooled. So when they heard the boy cry for help they only said: 'There's that mischievous boy up to his tricks again. This time we will fool him. We shall not answer him at all.' And they did not. And the wolf not only killed the sheep, but attacked the boy and hurt him severely with his great sharp fangs."

DOCTORS SAY CASTILE SOAP

Should only be used. Castile soap is a medicinally ure soap, usu-
ally sold in drug stores only, but for all that, there are many differ-
ent qualities, makes and grades of it.

We sell the reliable brand of Castile Pure Olive Oil. A soap that
has been known for several years as the best obtainable and one that
is really imported.

We guarantee it as the purest and best soap you can get. That
also means that it is the safest you can use.
10c one-half pound cake.
Cheapest and best soap to use.

Crane's Drug Store.



THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK OF FAIRMONT CAPITAL STOCK - - - \$150,000

| DIRECTORS. | | OFFICERS. | |
|------------------|---------------------|-----------------------------|--|
| Geo. M. Jacobs | W. S. Meredith | Geo. M. Jacobs, President. | |
| Harry J. Hartley | W. S. Haymond | W. S. Haymond, 1st V. Pres. | |
| W. S. Haymond | Harry Shaw | H. J. Hartley, 2d V. Pres. | |
| Howard R. Furber | C. E. Hutchinsonson | J. M. Brownfield, Cashier. | |
| Geo. E. Amos | Duncan Sinclair | | |

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS.
7 to 9 For Benefit of Savings Depos-
tors.

4% Interest Paid
on time
Deposits

THE PATRONAGE OF THE PUBLIC SOLICITED